

libertine and august

there are the ones that raised me
and those that birthed me

i was born into a world afraid
and distant
 those that birthed me

i was grown to be brave
and present
 those that raised me

libertine
and august

those plants are listening

those plants are listening
the breeze wiggles them
and they have heard it all

their first breaths

heavy saddle weighs on pregnant horse

heaving

night turns to day

first breaths made

lies

you are lying
or have enough
that i do not trust you

you do it casually
lie
and i wonder
if it still hurts you

i don't want to

i don't want to smile for your camera
you would have me lie now, cut myself

that you may look back
and feel less pained

no, i will not smile for your camera
i will speak truth
i will walk strong

sometimes skip